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THE DEAD SEA.

Nearly four thousand years ago, Lot looking down from the heights of Bethel, "beheld all the plain of the Jordan that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the Garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan." And in after days it came to pass that the king of Sodom, the king of Gomorrah, the king of Admah, and the king of Bela were joined together in the vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea, and they served Chedorlaomer. "Twelve years they served Chedorlaomer and in the thirteenth year they rebelled." "And there went out the king of Sodom, and the king of Gomorrah, and the king of Admah, and the king of Zeboim, and the king of Bela, (the same is Zoar,) and they joined battle with them in the vale of Siddim; with [illegible] the king of Elam, and with of Shinar, and Arioch king of Ellasar, [illegible] kings with five, and the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there; and they that remained fled to the mountain." From these quotations from Genesis it will be seen that at the time the earliest records were made of the neighborhood of the Dead Sea it was fruitful and pleasant to dwell in, although full of "slime (bitumen) pits." When the cities were destroyed, "the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven;" and Abraham, from the mountain ridges "looked toward Sodom, and toward all the land of the plain, and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." The sacred writer further asserts regarding the vale of Siddim that it became the Salt Sea, or was submerged, and consequently it now forms a part of the bed of the lake. This great catastrophe changed all the appearance of the country, and gave a death blow to its prosperity.

Much recent research has been devoted to the Dead Sea. Canon Tristram in his "Land of Israel," describes a valley at the northern end of the salt range of Sodom in which there are large masses of bitumen mingled with gravel. "These overlie a thick stratum of sulphur, which again overlies a thicker with sulphur that it [illegible] on being sprinkled over a hot coal. The bitumen, unlike that which we pick up on the shore, is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Above all, it is calcined, and bears the marks of having been subjected to extreme heat.

Tristram applies the above observed facts to the solution of the great historical question about the destruction of the cities of the plain in the following manner:—"Setting aside all preconceived notions, and taking the simple record of Genesis xix., as we find it, let us see whether the existing condition of the country throws any light on the Biblical narrative. Certainly we do observe by the lake sulphur and bitumen in abundance. Sulphur springs stud the shores, sulphur is strewn, whether in layers or in fragments, over the desolate plains, and bitumen is ejected in great floating masses from the bottom of the sea, oozes through fissures of the rocks, is deposited with gravel on the beach, or appears with sulphur to have been precipitated during some convulsion. We know that at the time of earthquakes bitumen seems to be detached in the bottom of the lake. Everything leads to the conclusion that the agency of fire was at work, The kindling of such a mass of combustible material, either by lightning [illegible] combined with an earthquake ejecting offlet bitumen or sulphur on the lake, would soon spread devastation over the plain, so that the smoke of the country would go up as a smoke of a furnace."

Nothing more dismal can be conceived than the appearance of the Dead Sea. Its surface has a depression of no less than 1,308 feet below the level of the ocean, and is shut out on the east and west by parallel ranges of mountains which rise steeply, and in some places in precipices of naked rock, from the water. Its whole eastern slopes are bare, rugged and desolate, forming that wilderness in which David found an asylum, in which the Baptist preached, and in which our Lord was tempted. The average height of the cliffs along the shore is about 2,000 feet; but they are deeply fissured by torrent beds, which are all dry in summer. At the North-west corner of the sea are extensive salt marshes, and at the south-west is a range of hills of rock salt seven miles long and 300 feet high, called Khsohm Usdom, "the ridge of Sodom." On the south of the sea lies a low marshy plain partially covered with jungles of reeds, tamarack and broom. The mountain range along the eastern side is 4,000 feet above the lake and is intersected by deep and wild ravines. The water is intensely salt and bitter, and its density so [illegible] will not sink in it.

It is not astonishing that the Dead Sea has not been navigated to any extent, and recents attempts to explore it have been made with a very great deal of risk and difficulty and in every case a majority of those who engage in the work sacrificed their lives in the attempt.

THE DEAD SEA.

PICTURE STORIES.

Such an avalanche of stories came in, in competition for the prizes offered in the MESSENGER of January 2nd., that it has taken longer than we thought it would to read them all and judge of their respective merits. Altogether some 1160 boys and girls took part in the competition. The first prize for the story about the cat has been awarded to Miss Maud Everitt, and the second to Miss Marietta Hylan. One entitled "The Tale of a Cat," by Archibald J. Crocker, aged 14 years, of Carbonear, Newfoundland, is so nearly equal to the story of "The Cats' Retribution" that we have decided to send him a third prize.

Besides these a number of others are very good and the following boys and girls deserve Honorable Mention :

Robert Bodwell, Langford, Ont. R. W. Black, Uxbridge, Ont. Minnie Buchanan, Gordonsville, Minn. Edna B. Hedges, North Barton, New York. Ellen Etta Philbrook, Springfield, Vt. Lizzie E. Farrell, Noyau, Que. Edith E. Dandy, Hawkesbury Ont. Hattie J. Prior, Oakwood, Ont. Arthur Lambert, Harriston, Ont.

Among the stories written on the picture of the little shopkeepers, the first prize has been awarded to Miss Bessie R. Herrick, of Winchester, Randolph Co. Indiana, and the second to Master Arthur Edwards, Brainerd. Minn.

Those deserving of Honorable Mention for their stories about the little shopkeepers are Mabel S. Murray, Chatham, N. B. Bessie Oille, St. Catharines, Ont. Bessie Matson, Kossuth, Iowa. Kate Chalmers, Union, Ont. Zelinda Elizabeth Dicks, Belle Flower, Illinois. Alice Marion Living, Ottawa, Ont. Minnie Giddens, Middlemiss, Ont.

For want of room we can only print two of the stories this time, but in the next number we will give the two prize stories on "The Little Shop Keepers."

PINKIE.

The scene opens in a hayloft, where two boys were busily engaged in tossing the sweet-scented clover down to the tired horses, who were patiently waiting in the stable below. "Hello, George, look here, see what I have found. A nest of kittens! Hurrah, now for some fun!" And cruelly seizing the frightened little creatures, he crept slowly toward the window in the loft, and threw them, one by one, into the pond beneath, laughing loudly at their ineffectual attempts to reach the edge. "Oh, Frank Marr," cried little George, "how can you be so cruel as to use the poor little things so? Stop; please leave one, just one, for the poor old mother. She will feel so bad when she comes back and finds them all gone. Oh, Frank, wait. Give me that pretty little gray one for Minnie Lee. I heard her say just yesterday she wanted a kitten ever so much. But Frank, not heeding his little brother's request, tossed it down too, with the rest of them.

In a moment George sprang down, rushed rapidly to the spot, seized a small pole that was near, and helped the half-drowned kitten to land. Then folding it in his coat he ran swiftly to his friend Minnie Lee's, whose sympathies were now fully aroused. She took it in her arms, carefully warmed and fed it, and placed it in some wool under the kitchen stove, where it lay completely exhausted. And Minnie was at length rewarded for her care by seeing it grow sleek and fat. She named it "Pinkie," and many a playful trick Minnie taught her. Pinkie would stand and beg, chase a ball, pull the door latch, and when the cook would be hurrying about doing the work Pinkie would take great delight in "sleigh-riding"—as Minnie called it—on the cook's trail. She would ride all over the room. Cook was very good natured, or she would not have allowed it.

Only one fault had Pinkie, and that was, she was very fond of dining on birds' meat. She regaled herself very often with some poor little bird that was so unfortunate as to fall into her clutches. She was very often punished by her young mistress, who loved the pretty little birds, and she endeavored to watch Miss Pink. But she was a great hunter, and would spend hours chasing and scaring the birds, which were very numerous, there being a number of trees and flowers in the garden. One morning Minnie was awakened by the piteous mewing of her cat. Springing up, she ran hastily down stairs, but no Pinkie was to be seen. Minnie could hear a strange medley of sounds outside of the door—the chirping of frightened birds, and the mewing of the cat, which appeared to be in great distress. Minnie ran to the drawing-room window, and looking out, could not refrain from laughing heartily at the strange scene. The birds had collected together for their morning carol, and were making the old trees ring with their melody. Pinkie had heard them, from her bed in the kitchen, and crept slowly out into the hall, and out to the door, intending to wait patiently for a chance to spring out and catch one of the songsters, but just then a sudden gust of wind swept through the hall, slamming the great, heavy door shut. Pinkie was not quick enough, The door caught her by the tail, and held her like a vise. The birds seemed to know she was fast and unable to harm them. Puss was quickly released by Minnie, who told her as she softly stroked the soft fur of her pet, that it almost served her right for trying to catch the poor little birds.

MAUD EVERITT, Age 14 years.

Weldon Station, Ont.

THE CATS' RETRIBUTION.

It was a very large house where I was brought up. I had two brothers and an older sister, whose name was Pinkie, my brothers' names were Tony and Muff, and mine was Grizzly Grimsy—they called me Grim, for short.—We lived in a basket in the shed until we were large enough to go all over the house, then we changed to rambles in the day-time and rug by the kitchen fire at night.

One day the mistress happened to come into the kitchen with her little girl while we were eating our supper, we were all three eating out of one basin, while our mother lay blinking at us from the rug and our big sister sat in the window-seat, washing her face. "Mercy!" said the lady, "five cats! they'll eat us all out of house and home. Kate, tell John to carry off those kittens." "Oh, mamma!" cried the little girl, "please let me keep just one, they are so cunning." "Well, I don't care," said the lady, "choose which one you want, and the rest must be taken care of." At this Tony began to [illegible] Muff kept on eating, for he would not risk losing his supper even for the chance of saving his life. I, growled as the child came near; she took up Tony, who was in mortal fear every moment, Muff didn't like to leave his supper, but had to; her choice was between those two, for I was out of the question, for who wants a cross kitten around? She finally chose Tony, much to his delight, and tied a blue ribbon around his neck. That evening when John came in from milking Kate told him what the lady had said and handed us to him. He said we were two pretty to kill (I was a handsome maltese, while Muff was black and white) and he wouldn't wonder if his sister's little girl would like one of us. He chose me and put me in a basket, while Muff he carried, I never knew where. Pretty soon he came back and took me on his arm and away we went, around the corner and up the street; we soon came to the house where the little girl lived. I was all in a "flutter" as to how I should like them and how they would like me. Effie, as he called my mistress, was delighted and carried me off to the kitchen, and gave me some milk the first thing. I liked the looks of things very much, all but Trip the dog, whom I foreboded some serious frays with, nor was I disappointed for I had not been in the house three hours before along he came and began to smell me over, of course I wouldn't stand that so we had a regular scramble out of which I came off victorious and sent him into a corner with some scratches. I was petted and fondled by nearly all the household, and allowed perfect freedom from my mistress's own room to anywhere else I had a mind to go.

One day I saw a bird on the lawn ahead of me, I gave one leap and had it in my claws, never before had I tasted anything so delicious, and after that woe to any bird that came within my way. After awhile Effie's mother found it out and I heard her say she would not keep a cat that caught birds. I would not keep a cat that caught birds. I felt pretty serious and went into the front hall to think it over. While I sat meditating, a gentleman opened the door in a great hurry and I took the opportunity to slip out, he did not see me and in his hurry shut the door before I was quite through. Oh! never shall I forget that moment, for my tail was caught fast, in vain did I squirm and twist. My cries of pain and rage reached the ears of the birds and a whole flock congregated to find out the cause of all this noise. How delighted they were when they found their old enemy caught at last! They twittered and fluttered and went off after all their companions to come and share their treat with them. What I suffered none know but those who have been placed in similar circumstances. I had to stay until Effie's father came home from work. Since then I have never touched a bird and my broken tail ever serves to remind me that we must be kind to others, if we would expect sympathy when we are in trouble.

MARIETTA HYLAN, Age 14.

Epping N. H.

ANNA MAYOR AND WHAT SHE DID.

BY ELF.

Anna Mayor, a pleasant, bright-faced girl of fifteen had been spending the summer away from home and had unexpectedly returned late one evening.

After chatting awhile with the family, telling of her visit and journey, she rose to retire.

"I suppose," said her brother, as she bade them good-night, "you will not go to school this term?"

"Yes, indeed, I shall," replied Anna, "I intend to go to-morrow morning and surprise them all."

Accordingly the next morning, books in hand, she started for school. On turning a corner she came upon one of her school friends, a boy of her own age, also on his way to school. She noticed at once that he was smoking.

"Good morning, Anna," he said pleasantly, taking her proffered hand and at the same time relieving her of her books. "I didn't know that you had returned. I am glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you, too," said Anna, "but not thus, Rob," casting a reproachful glance at the cigar he held in his hand.

Rob blushed. "Why not, Anna?" he said, trying to assume a careless tone, "all the boys smoke."

"Does Princess Elaine? James Lansing? All of them?"

"All that you have mentioned do. I think you could hardly mention a boy in school who does not."

"Leo does not."

"Your brother? Beg your pardon, he does."

"I do not think mother knows it."

"Can't say as to that. I've seen him smoking more than once."

"O dear!" said Anna, a little in despair, "I wish they didn't. How long has this been going on, Rob?"

"Smoking? Oh, a few weeks. I've smoked a little over a week, and I like it if it did make me awful sick at first."

Anna made no reply, but walked on in silence.

"Anna, where's the harm in smoking?"

"Where's the good?"

"Oh, I don't know. I like it."

"I can not explain the harm, Rob. But my Bible, my conscience and my father tell me it is wrong and I believe them."

"How does the Bible tell you it is wrong?" asked Rob.

"Well, it condemns all uncleanness, and I certainly don't call smoking a very clean habit. It is certainly wrong."

Rob, after a moment of silence, threw away his cigar.

"Thank you," said Anna.

They had nearly reached the school-house and Rob turned to leave her. As he gave her her books, he said hesitatingly, "Anna, I don't suppose the boys thought of its being wrong, and if it is couldn't you—you might—oh, I don't know how to say it, but you know what I mean—they'd take it from you and—well, you might do something."

After this rather disconnected suggestion Rob rushed away to join the boys and Anna walked on thoughtfully.

"Perhaps it was so," she thought, "Perhaps careless, blundering Rob had stumbled upon the right idea this time if he did not know how to express it. She would try, any way."

She was interrupted here by the shouts of welcome from her school friends. The bell rang soon and the groups on the playground dispersed.

When Anna went home as noon she drew her mother away by herself and had a long consultation with her, which resulted in a similar consultation with three of the girls during the afternoon recess.

As a result of the two consultations, important events transpired which will reveal themselves in my story.

Before night ten or fifteen of the boys received sundry little cards announcing the fact that Anna Mayor would receive a few friends informally at home that evening at seven o'clock.

They came, that is, the boys did, and were surprised to find only three girls there besides Anna, but that young lady politely informed them that this was a business meeting especially for the boys.

Having called them to order in the parlor, she began :

"Young gentlemen, I propose a young people's society in this village. We have none at present and I think we should all enjoy it. What say you?"

There was a chorus of "Good!" "Let's have it!" and Anna went on :

"But in order to join this society you must put your name to this paper. I will read it—

"'I hereby pledge myself to abstain : first, from all intoxicating liquors ; second, from the use of profane language ; third, from the use of tobacco in any form.'

"There it is, boys, short and simple. Who will take it?"

"Oh pshaw!" exclaimed one of the boys, "Anna, what's the use? We all like to smoke and I for one don't want to stop."

"But I want you too," said Anna. "Smoking is wrong, boys, and besides, it costs money. Thirty cents a week is as much, perhaps, as some of you spend, and yet that amounts to more than fifteen dollars a year. Now give us three for this society and keep the other twelve and see if you will not be better satisfied with yourself at the end of a year. I have put my name here and so have the girls. Who will be the next?" She waited, pen in hand. Rob Stone was the first.

"If it's only to please you, Anna," said Jessie Anna replied, also in a low voice, "Not to please me, Rob, but for your own sake and to please God."

Rob was a leader among the boys, as Anna was among the girls, and very soon the others followed. The society was duly organized and still prospers, although its membership now out-numbers a hundred.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

HOW TRADE MAY BE INCREASED.

Five years ago a large number of persons who were earning considerable wages at the Nottingham Potteries signed the pledge, and the residents in the neighborhood discovered, to their astonishment, that their business had increased in a remarkable manner, and the solution was found in the fact, that about £10,000 had been, in a short space of time, taken out of the public-house, and about £20,000 had been put into the pockets of other tradesmen.

If a man spent a shilling in the public-house, he lost, on an average, a shilling in the wasted time he took to spend it in. In the time of Father Mathew, a number of miners, who used to spend at a shop connected with the Knockmahon mine about £400 every month, joined the temperance movement, the demand for alcoholic liquors entirely ceased. and the men who had only been enabled to spend £400, were found to earn twice as much wages, and they were enabled to spend £800 per month in the shop, because they had abandoned intoxicating drinks.—*Western Temperance Herald.*

MUCH as pipes, cigars and plugs of tobacco are enjoyed by some of our male population, there are few among them who would desire to see their mothers, sisters or daughters use the vile weed in any shape. And yet it is the extremely illogical to keep tobacco from the extremely illogical to keep tobacco from the fair sex. If men need such a sedative for their nerves, women need it far more. Will the American woman, who is at present undefiled by this narcotic (except in so far as the atmosphere she breathes is often polluted by smoke), exert her greatest and best energy to uproot this monster—tobacco. Let her protest against it be so loud that her husband, brother and son will for ever forsake it.—*Herald of Health.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"A MORE EXCELLENT WAY."

BY CAROLINE B. LEROW.

Sickness secures ready sympathy. The illness of one person in a little country village becomes the anxiety of every family in town, and as the interest is shared by all there is no lack of outside assistance. The conditions of city life naturally limit the expressions of this neighborly spirit, yet fortunately they do not destroy it altogether.

The doctor's carriage at the door is sufficient reason, if the family is at all known in the neighborhood, for more than one friendly call and offer of service. "Be sure and let me know if I can do anything for you," is generally a sincere utterance of the sympathetic visitor, very encouraging and pleasant words to listen to. But one naturally dislikes to call upon outsiders for such help as is needed in a sick room, and such offers, though appreciated, are seldom taken advantage of. Yet this kind spirit, being a true one, does not rest satisfied with the mere verbal expression of its desire to do something. It very often takes tangible shape in little delicacies for the invalid. These are well enough in their place, though sometimes none of them are adapted to the place for which they are intended, and serve only as proofs of sympathy and good-will.

A few months ago I was visiting friends in one of our large cities—a family in comfortable circumstances though keeping no servant; the mother with the assistance of the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, preferring to do the work of the household rather than be annoyed by the incompetence of the average "help." This daughter was one of three, the others being nine and seven years of age, most lovely and interesting children. Within four weeks all of them died of diphtheria, after periods of sickness ranging from four days to a fortnight. While there was the most intense sympathy felt throughout the neighborhood the house was shunned by everybody, for there was a great fear of this disease. Some offers of flowers—by mail and by messengers in—neither fruit nor fragrance could be tolerated in the sick rooms.

At this time it was impossible to secure a professional nurse, and father, mother and friend shared the duties to which three able-bodied persons were scarcely adequate. The law requiring burial within twenty-four hours after death, the long journey to the cemetery was taken by the whole family after the loss of the first child—the others being then in health—and five very wretched persons returned in the chill, gray nightfall of a bleak December day to the dreary house in which the kitchen fire had gone out, and nothing was in readiness for the meal which soul and body so much needed. A cup of tea, a bit of toast and an egg was all the nourishment taken by those who had scarcely eaten a mouthful for days, not only from lack of appetite but for the utter impossibility of taking time for its preparation.

Again, and yet again, the sorely-stricken father and mother went on that same miserable journey. The arrival of relatives from a distant State on the day when the last child was taken from the house made it unnecessary for me to accompany them; and after the solitary carriage had driven away from the door I opened for the first time a large basket which had been sent in that morning. Tears came readily in those dreadful days, but the only ones of joy or gratitude rushed to my eyes then as I looked upon its contents with emotions very different from any I had ever associated or expected to associate with food. A fine piece of roasted beef, fresh home-made bread, canned vegetables and fruits, plain cake—there was nothing for tired hands to do but place them on the table, while potatoes and tea were set to boiling on the stove.

At twilight, in a driving snow-storm, chilled, exhausted, broken-hearted, the bereaved family returned to the desolate house. The violence of their grief had temporarily worn itself out. The warmth and light of the cosy kitchen, the table with its abundance of nourishing food, which made very natural appeal to famishing stomachs, soon produced an effect not only on the cold and miserable body, but upon the bruised spirit as well. While it is true that "man shall not live by bread alone," it is no less true that the physical body cannot long exist without it. The soul need not necessarily be located in the stomach, in accordance with the doctrine of certain old philosophers; but the condition of the stomach makes a greater difference to all the Christian graces of the soul than sentimental persons are willing to admit. Chemical operation is subtle enough to transmute beef and bread into a very appreciable amount of courage, patience and resignation.

The experience narrated was a revelation of a practical form of sympathy and help not generally recognized and yet of infinite service. In most cases it is not the invalid but the nurse who most needs nourishing. Sickness, too, under any circumstances, is a financial drain, felt heavily among those of limited means where the head of the family must give any of his time to the patient—as was necessary in this case—or where he himself is the victim; both work and wages being suspended when there is the greatest need of money. There must often be retrenchment in the daily supplies, or, even if this is not necessary, the mother cannot spend much time over the cooking-stove.

Those whose hearts and purses instinctively respond to any trouble of friends or neighbors will do well to reform some old-fashioned and often futile attempts at service, and by a due consideration of circumstances, fulfil not only the letter but the spirit of the law of practical benevolence.—*Christian Union.*

MY WINDOW BOX.

Perhaps I may as well tell you about my most important window box. I had it made last autumn, and was greatly pleased with it. It is made of zinc, size one yard long, fourteen inches broad, seven inches in depth. To give it strength it is framed at the top with wood. You can have this of black walnut or stained in imitation. You can have the box painted any color you wish, or leave it unpainted. In the centre is Croton "Weismannii," on one side of it a fine Eranthemum pictum; its green leaves look as though they were painted with white streaks; on the other side, Acalypha "Macafeana." These are the largest plants in my [illegible] averaging six inches in height, but a few are quite small. They consist of very choice Geraniums—some of them handsome leaved—variegated Abutilons, Lemon Verbena, two bright Achyranthes, six very beautiful Coleuses, and four fine Begonias. There are others I cannot stop to specify. You will see that I have filled my box with what are, in themselves, beautiful without the aid of flowers, though I expect to have a few of these by-and-by. I am perfectly satisfied with it however just as it is. I had a large German Ivy growing out of doors, which consisted of several long vines. This I planted in one corner of the box, and then drooped and twined it on the outside. The change to indoor life caused the large green leaves to fall off, but already new ones have put forth, and the vines are rapidly growing. Everything else had been previously prepared so that there was no change in their leafage after being put in the box. It is a great addition to the beauty of the box to have vines of pretty foliage drape the sides. This autumn I have had it placed on a small, low table with castors, so I can change the plants every week, and thus avoid that turning toward the window which they always assume if kept in one position.

I first put in drainage, and then filled the box with rich mellow earth in which was a mixture of one-third sand. I have been thus particular in my description, for many, no doubt, who, like myself, have to make the most of limited space, will be glad to know just how to keep the greatest number of plants to the best advantage. Not only is there a saving of room, but of labor, and it is more cleanly.—*Bowditch's American Florist and Farmer.*

MRS. SANFORD'S NEATNESS.

Aunt Maria was paying us a visit, and out of politeness to her Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Strong and Miss Rylance had been invited over to tea. For some time the conversation had been kept up on general topics, but at length it had relapsed into downright gossip, and a mutual acquaintance, Mrs. Sanford, was under discussion. I sat, an amused listener, and from what I gleaned sketched to myself this little picture of Mrs. Sanford. If it is not an exact likeness of her it bears a close resemblance to a certain class of women whom many of us have chanced to meet. She may be tall and thin, as regards her person, spare and very neat, while her hair is invariably done up in a very elaborate style. Puffs, frizzes, water curls, whatever may be the latest, or to her ideas the most becoming fashion of head-gear, is adopted by her. Her dress is cut and made in the extreme of fashion, for she always likes to outshine her neighbors. But her chief forte lies in her skill in management and housekeeping abilities. She contrives to get the most work done for the least money of any one in the neighborhood. And her kitchen is scrubbed every Saturday with the regularity of clock-work. But her disposition is far from pleasant, and her friends and servants both pity and despise her. I happen to know her lonely adopted daughter. How the poor child has suffered, bodily and mentally. Fond of reading, fond of music, with kind sympathetic feelings, she has constantly been repressed in the expression of them, and kept from her favorite pursuits by an almost wicked and certainly unnecessary application to the details of dress and housekeeping. It sometimes seems almost a wonder that despite all the pressure she is under that she has any originality or vivacity left. She is certainly very fragile, and she tells the cause of her nervousness, when she casually says: "Mamma does worry me so; she feels so very unhappy if her established method of doing everything is not carried out to the last degree." Happily the number of such women as Mrs. Sanford is not very large in proportion to the whole number of educated intelligent women, for she claims with some degree of right to be classed among them; but there are tendencies toward fussiness, and undue regard for dress and household appointments to the exclusion of higher and better things. Among many women, and it does require some effort to break from the meshes, household cares are constantly weaving around one's feet; but it can be done, and every loyal, true-hearted woman will look well to the ways of her household, and yet keep those ways subordinate to the forming of an elevated character. —*Christian at Work.*

[illegible]

One way in which women are overworked by their own fault—a sin of ignorance frequently—is in the use of foolish clothing. We are all more or less in bondage here, for woman's dress is radically wrong. It is a weight and a hinderance everywhere. Clothing devised to suit the needs of the human body would be much more easily made and taken care of, and it would give a woman freer movement, greater ease and comfort about her work and play, and would be an aid to good health rather than, as now, a drag upon her strength. But a genuine reform cannot be made by any one woman, for it awaits the development of public opinion. But cannot we all lend a hand here, and say on all proper occasions, that woman's dress is absurd, and inconvenient, and unhealthful, and that we wish for something better? Most of us can put less work and care upon our trimmings, and none of us need wear a trained skirt, or one that touches the floor. We may all wear loose and warm clothing, and bear the weight upon our shoulders rather than over the hips. Various female weaknesses are supposed to be caused by active labor, by much standing upon the feet, by much climbing of stairs in the pursuit of one's daily industry. They may be aggravated by these causes after they have been once induced, but I have serious doubts whether these weaknesses are often really attributable to the causes above named. Corsets and heavy skirts are the real offenders. It is usually the case that the same work might have been done—the standing and the climbing—had the muscles of the body, both external and internal, been left free and unweighted by the clothing. How many feathers' weight are added to her burden of toil and worry by a woman's long skirts, as she goes about her work in-doors and out, upstairs and down, around the kitchen fire, or cleaning the floors in an unsuitable dress?—*American Agriculturist for March.*

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Soak over night one-half cup of rice; two quarts of milk; sweeten and flavor to taste, and bake three hours.

PUZZLES.

A DIAMOND.

1, A letter. 2, A small pack-saddle. 3. Put in a box. 4, A rampart. 5, Greeted with a return salute. 6, Delegated. 7, To prevent by fear. 8, A male nickname. 9, A letter.

EASY CHARADES.

1.

A bud, an article, a vowel. My whole is a country.

2.

A cave, a spot. My whole is a kingdom.

3.

A river in Europe, territory. My whole is a country.

CHARADE.

My first, loud chattering, through the air
Bounded 'mid tree tops high,
Then saw his image mirrored, where
My second murmured by.

Taking it for a friend, he strayed
T'wards where the stream did roll,
And was the sort of fool that's made
The first day of my whole?

HIDDEN MENAGERIE.

Thirty-four animals, insects, &c., are hidden in the following story.

I called on my cousin Adelaide one day. We are very good friends. Adelaide, erratic and changeable as she is, has stuck to me faithfully, and I should be a real hypocrite if I should deny the real affection I feel for her. I found her dressing to go out.

"If," roguishly said I, "you could only see how pretty you look in that hat!"

"I, Geraldine?" answered she amazed, but going naturally to the glass to admire herself. "Do guess where I bought it, if you can. Try, at any rate."

"I know. I saw ——'s advertisement upon your table. 'Selling out because of the panic at half rates.' I don't care for those shops that profess to be so cheap. Ignorant people alone are taken in by them."

"What makes you think so?"

"I was persuaded of it years ago; from other sources than my own experience, however."

"At least you might tell me what opened your eyes, if you think me so blind. Do [illegible] me."

"Well, then, I will give you one instance. I was at the Fair, and a salesman was calling attention to his wares, warranted to take out any stain. A country-woman came up and pushed her way to the counter with considerable bustle.

"'O, pardon me,' said she to the man, 'but can you take out grease spots?'

"'Sapolio never fails, madame,' said he blandly.

"'Look here,' said she holding out for inspection the front breadth of her dress. 'Sperm in each fold, all the way down. Clean it if you can.'

"The salesman came languidly around to the front, but his zealous work on the alpaca told that his languor was affected. After a few minutes there was a howl from his victim as she saw the color disappear from her dress. 'It'll be yellow, or may be worse! You've scoured it like a milk-pan! There's no trusting men.' Finally she epitomized her wrath by calling him 'Turk!' eyeing him fiercely, as if prepared to avenge her wrongs with blows. At this moment, so interesting and tragic, Alfred called me impatiently, and I was obliged to leave."

"Thanks, Geraldine. You are an excellent mimic. Owing to your story and the moral of it, I shall make you go shopping with me next week. Now, shall we go?"

"At once if you are ready."

We parted after a pleasant walk, and at last agreed on a day for our shopping expedition.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MARCH 15.

A Peep in Walter's Basket.—Stand, arm, ease; napkin, tea, portfolio and urns. Peanuts, almonds.

Drop Letter Puzzle.—
All your danger is in discord,
All your strength is in your union.
LONGFELLOW.

Enigma.—Anna.

Change.—LamB, LamA, LamE, LamP.

Letter Puzzle.—The Letter O.

Twelve Men of Note.—Simon, Andrew, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, Peter, James, John, Iscariot, Judas, Philip, James.

Anagrams.—1, Loto. 2, Skating. 3, Magic lantern. 4, Archery. 5, Foot-ball. 6, Base-ball. 7, Lawn tennis. 8, Croquet. 9, Hide-and-seek. 10, Leap-frog.

Puzzle.—Broom-room.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"By-and-by" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By-and-by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward;
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors—"I can."

"No Use in Trying"—nonsense, I say;
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and would be "Great matter"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

—*Harper's Young People.*

FISH THAT FLY.

An old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea. There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear. Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses and [illegible] and sea-cows. One very lovely fish is the angel-fish. But the most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wings. This fish is shaped and colored something like a mackerel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white. When it flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to the top of another The flying-squirrel can fly, in this way, from a high point up on a tree to one lower down. They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm. In the morning the sailors may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night, and flown toward them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow. After this they grow more numerous, and you will see them in the day-time. They will fly out of the water in front of the ship, in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun. They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings, or fins, they then can fly farther on. They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very fierce and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out. They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip nets and fry them.

IN DISTRESS.

The *Youth's Companion* says:—The following anecdote of Washington Allston, the great artist, has never, we believe, appeared in print. We give it as it was told a friend of the artist by a prominent Boston gentleman recently deceased.

When Allston was without fame or money, and was living in obscurity in Edinburgh, he became so reduced that to get food for his family he painted small

SEE SECOND PAGE.

pictures in exchange for provisons. At last, the tradesman declined to give groceries for pictures, and a day came when there was no food in the house. Allston was then an atheist. But sheer despair caused him to lock the door of his studio, go to the further corner of the room, and kneel down with his face to the wall, and to cry out, "O God—if there be a God—show me how to get bread for my wife and children!"

In a few moments he heard the latch of his door raised, and opening the door, he saw a stranger standing outside who inquired for Washington Allston. On being told that he was addressing him, the gentleman, an Englishman of rank, asked if a painting of his which had been on exhibition was still for sale.

Now it chanced that this picture, one on which the artist had expended much labor, but which the public had not seemed to appreciate, was in the studio, turned to the wall and covered with dust. Unwilling to show it in this condition, Allston replied that the painting was not sold, but could not then be seen.

The gentleman remarked that it was necessary for him to leave town at once for the Continent, but, in order to secure the picture, he would give a cheque for its price, that he might receive it, and would order the painting sent to his house on his return.

When the stranger left, Allston was no longer a poor man. The money relieved his immediate wants, and the gentleman's patronage brought the artist into notice. He soon received orders for paintings, and never again had occasion to fight starvation. Nor was the apparent answer to his first prayer forgotten. It was the beginning of his earthly prosperity, and he was led by it to more reverent views of the Bible, and ultimately from his doubts and skepticism, to the full acceptance of Christianity as the gospel of God to men.

BE TENDER OF OTHERS' FEELINGS.

BY AUNT HOPE.

Never make sport of the afflictions of your school companions; you know not how soon you may meet with the same fate, and God is very sorrowful when any of his little ones show such a disposition. I saw a little girl the other day whose face was all scarred, which very much spoiled her good looks, but when you know that those scars were made by saving her dear mother from being burnt to death, her face becomes beautiful. She will carry those scars to her grave. But, are they not scars of bravery? We honor the scars of a "hero of many battles," but the man who sets out for the wars considers well before he does so, and he knows that if he is brave, great note will be made of his name, and that if he comes home with scars, he will be called a hero. But this little girl never stopped to think what would be her fate; she had no time to consider; she saw a lamp overturned and her mother in flames, and so ran to her rescue,—and right bravely she fought them, and now she bears the scars of that sad fight. Are not her scars those of a hero? Could you, my little readers, make sport of her disfigured face. "No!" you say; and yet I heard one of her little school companions speak of her as "that scarred up old monkey."

Every time you see persons disfigured in any way, stop and think of this little girl, and I don't believe you will ever feel like making sport of them, but will feel so thankful to God that you have been spared their pain and sorrow. Be kind to those who are afflicted, and never look, [illegible] of the pavement. Never make partially deaf persons feel their loss by shouting in their ears in a loud, tiresome tone, but speak clearly and distinctly. Never sadden a blind person by saying, "I have such a beautiful picture! I wish you could see it," but carefully describe that picture, and the blind will see with your eyes.—*Church and Home.*

TIME.—He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who can find no time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find and eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*Hannah More.*

NOT OF THE WORLD, BUT ABOVE IT.—There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

OUR DUMB TEACHERS.

A FEARLESS LEAP.

A big ship was lying in the mouth of the Medway—I think it was the "Great Eastern," when she was taking in telegraph cable, long years ago now, and there was a very handsome black retriever dog on board; who he belonged to, or whether he always lived on board the ship, I know not, but there he was, very happy and contented, and a great favorite, I dare say, with all the officers and crew.

One day, when he was running about the upper deck, there was a sudden surprise, and commotion—a man had fallen into the water. The dog seemed to know perfectly what had happened, and though the upper deck was fifty feet from the waves he was overboard in an instant, and took a flying leap after the sinking man; whom he succeeded in reaching, and they were both saved by the ship's boat.

It was a daring jump for even a dog to make, but the noble animal seemed to have no idea of fear or of shirking danger; he did the right thing at the right moment, without fear or opportunity of doing a great and noble good by waiting to consider if it is their business, or if the risk and danger are not too great—a dumb animal can be a bright example. We must fear nothing in the path of duty; nothing but sin and wrong-doing. —*Sunday.*

A FEARLESS LEAP.

WORK AND PLAY.

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and if possible, the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You will find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write, and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railway presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment, quickly doing a thing, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.—*Scholar's Companion.*

JUST AS I AM.

Need I remind you, dear friends that we are told to come just as we are, and that Jesus wishes for us "just as we are"? An artist was painting a large picture of some scene in London, and he wanted one more figure to complete it. He went out into the street to see what he could find, and he saw a crossing-sweeper standing on the pavement with his broom. "Yes," he said to himself, "he'll do; that patched little jacket, those tattered trousers, and that dirty little face will do exactly" So he went up to the lap, and said, "Would you like to earn five shillings?" The boy's eyes brightened, and yet he looked in wonder, as if it must have been a hoax, it seemed too good to be true. "Yes," continued the gentleman, "I mean it. If you come to my house to-morrow morning, you'll find the best day's work you've ever had. Here's my card; but remember you are to come just as you are, just as you are." The boy was full of delight at the thought of the promised reward.

The next morning he was up early, out at the pump scrubbing his face, and it had not had such a scrubbing for many a long day; then the rough hair was combed and plastered down, a tidy jacket borrowed from his landlady, who had stayed up late the evening before to patch the tattered trousers; and, after a parting look in the glass at his improved appearance, he ran off to the artist's house. The servant hesitated about letting him in, but he showed the card, and so she called her master. When the artist saw him, he said, "You are not the boy I want." "But indeed, sir, you told me to come." "Well, you won't do for me; I wanted you just as you were." Are we not like the crossing-sweeper—anxious to improve our appearance, although God tells us to come just as we are?—*Louisa Clayton in Heart Lessons.*

THOUGHTFUL.

The Apostle Paul asserts that a gift in order to be acceptable, must come from a willing mind. Under the name of obligingness, this characteristic not only associates itself with all good service, but commands success in life. The following of the boyhood of the present Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Ellis, illustrates the power of a willing mind:

At the age of fifteen he was articled to a firm of surveyors, auctioneers, and estate agents in London, the chief partner of which, Sir John Musgrove, was Lord Mayor in 1851. His first promotion in the office was owing to a circumstance which, like a great many other things called "trifles," became the turning-point of a distinguished career. It was this.

The head of the firm of which young Ellis was an employee, Alderman Musgrove, had left a basket of fish at his office, to be sent by a porter to the railway station.

When the Alderman arrived at the station he found his apprentice, Mr. Ellis, there instead of the porter, and in charge of the parcel.

"Did I ask you to bring the basket?" inquired the Alderman.

"No," replied the young man, "but the porter did not return in time, so I brought it myself."

This pleased the old gentleman, and he never forgot it. It showed thoughtfulness, the old gentleman considered, and a disposition to oblige others without too much regard for personal dignity,

Mr. Musgrove from time to time advanced the young man to positions of trust in his office, and at last took him into partnership, and he is now the sole surviving partner of the firm, which is known throughout London and the whole country.—*Youth's Companion.*

FROM THE RISING of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Family Circle.

LIGHT BEYOND.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,
And thy fair home above.

O, it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on,
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow,
Earth's dream of anguish o'er;
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience! then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,
His darkest dealings trace;
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee,
Behold him face to face!

—*Selected.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—SISTER MAGDALEN.

Amy knew that the letter she had written would be returned to her, and that Ursula had a cool hand at humiliating complaints and so she resolved to destroy it and write another, a shorter and more guardedly worded epistle, that might pass the scrutiny of the nuns, and yet arouse her mother's anxious fears. Milly, however, decided to seal her letter in pretended ignorance of the rule, and send it as it was.

So the two letters were placed in the box at the school-room door, and Amy waited with some anxiety until the next day, almost fearing each time she saw the nun that she would be told her letter could not be sent. But the next day passed, and the next, and nothing had been said, and Milly grew quite jubilant over the success of her bold step. "We shall have papa here as fast as he can travel, now," she contrived to whisper to Amy a day or two later.

"How soon can he reach us? before Sunday?" asked Amy.

"Milly shook her head. "Monday or Tuesday," she said.

"Then mamma will be here first, I should think. I hope it will be before Sunday," and Amy sighed, for Sunday had grown to be a dread to her, with its weary waiting outside the chapel door.

For the rest of that week Amy gave but a divided attention to her lessons, for each moment she expected to be summoned to the Superior's parlor to meet her mother. But the days passed on without any break in the usual routine, and Sunday came again; and this time Amy was the only one left waiting in the corridor.

As Milly passed her on her way into the chapel she contrived to whisper, "Come in just to hear the singing."

But Amy shook her head. She could not speak; her heart was too full of sorrowful disappointments to see her sister and cousin, and so many of the other girls whom she knew to be Protestants, going into chapel. She stood against the wall as she had done the Sunday before, trying to lift her heart in prayer to God. If only she might have been alone it would have been an intense relief to be able to kneel down and pour out her trouble to her Father in heaven; but the lay sister in charge kept strict watch and ward, even objecting to Amy leaning against the wall, saying it was against the rule, which ordered that all standing there by their own choice should stand upright and not move. To stand upright, without moving, for two hours, was almost a physical impossibility; but the sister was so vexed by being kept in the corridor by one obstinate girl that she insisted Amy had behaved very badly, and reported her to the Spiritual Mother. This punishment was often threatened, but seldom carried into execution, except in very flagrant cases, so that Amy felt the disgrace the more keenly, undeserved as it was. But whatever her feelings of disgrace might be, the punishment decreed seemed greater than she could bear. The nun declined to see Amy that day, but sent word by the lay sister that she should not be allowed the usual privilege of talking to her sister and cousin. Whether this was designed to prevent Amy saying anything against their going to chapel, as she had done before, or whether it was the most fitting punishment that could be thought of, may be an open question; but the authorities certainly took the most effectual means of preventing any check being given to Milly and Florie.

Poor Florie certainly seemed greatly distressed, and Milly indignant, because Amy was not allowed to walk with them; but Milly comforted herself and her cousin by saying they had a lucky escape from a long lecture, and they laughed and chatted and criticised the nuns, and the singing, beautiful as it was, but forgot to say a word about their letters. Milly had almost forgotten the matter now. Her father could not reach them until Monday or Tuesday, but he was certain to come then. She had quite made up her mind upon this point, and, beyond saying they should be at home by the next Sunday, Milly said not a word of her expectation.

The long, dreary day came to an end at last, and Amy, feeling almost sick at heart, began to count the hours to Tuesday, thinking she would not expect her uncle until the latest moment, and then if he should come before, the surprise would be all the more pleasant and welcome.

But Monday passed, and Tuesday, and on Wednesday Milly had grown so manifestly restless and uneasy that she was several times reproved for her inattention at lessons. Amy contrived to ask [illegible] but Milly only shook her head in a disconsolate fashion.

Thursday morning, however, brought a letter to Florie. It was handed to her open, but she had been prepared for this, and so made no complaint. When she had read it, she asked if it might be passed to her sister, as it was from her mamma.

Amy started in blank amazement when she read the opening words: "Why does not Amy write to me; she cannot, surely be so busy as not to find time for a word to send her mother?"

Poor Amy was startled out of all remembrance of rules as she read these words, and, rising from her seat with the open letter in her hand, and her eyes full of tears, she said to the nun who had charge of the class, "May I go to Sister Ursula?"

"Not now," said the nun, calmly motioning for her to sit down again.

"But—but it is about a letter my mother ought to have had a week ago," said Amy, not able to choke back her rising sobs.

"The business of the school cannot be interrupted for this," said the nun, coldly.

"But my mother—"

"Will you sit down, or do you desire to be reported to the Spiritual Mother again?" asked the teacher, sternly.

Amy sat down, feeling almost bewildered with this fresh trouble; for she could see from the whole tone of the letter that her mother thought her neglectful and unkind, and certainly could not have received her letter, sent at the same time as Florie's.

Recreation time came at last, and again she asked if she might see Sister Ursula about her letter; but she was told that the Spiritual Mother was the person to refer to, and she could not be seen until the evening. So she had to wait with what patience she could muster; but meanwhile she contrived to tell Milly that she feared neither of their letters had been sent, and it was, therefore, useless to expect their father to fetch them this week.

Milly looked dismayed when she heard it. "Not been sent?" she repeated; "but Sister Ursula would have told us if they had not been suitable."

"Well, I am going to ask about mine this evening—we have to see the Spiritual Mother about it."

Milly made a wry face at the very mention of her name. "She is an old cat, I know; but I'll brave her and go with you; they sha'n't destroy my letters without hearing of it."

That afternoon, while Milly was in the music room, Augusta Crane came in to help Sister Magdalen with some of the pupils, and Milly, forgetting all rules regarding their talking to the novices, at once began, "O Augusta how could you be so wicked and deceitful as to bring us to this place when you knew we should be miserable?"

"Hush, hush, dear child; you are not miserable," said Sister Magdalen; and Augusta, knowing something of Milly's impetuous temper, went and closed the door that no one else might hear what passed. Only Amy was present besides themselves, and so it might be hoped that Milly's outburst of anger would not be heard of by the authorities. She seemed glad to see Milly, too, and, in spite of her angry looks, went and kissed her.

"How can you kiss me, Miss Crane? If you cared for me one bit you would not have brought me to this horrid place where you knew I should never be allowed to see you."

"But you may see me, Milly dear, as much as you like—at least by and by."

"How?" asked Milly.

"By learning the holy devotion that will make you sincerely desire a more strict rule and greater mortification of the flesh."

"You want me to become a novice?" demanded Milly, with a fresh accession of anger.

"My dear, no one is forced to become a novice or a nun," interposed Sister Magdalen. "I took the vows because—because I could follow my beloved music, and devote all the talent God had given me to his service, safe from the snares and temptations of the world."

"Well, I like the snares and temptations of my own home," said Milly, perversely; "and I like to tell the truth in a straightforward fashion, and not deceive people. I don't call that 'holy devotion,'" she added, darting a look at Augusta, [illegible] rules; but—but something happened after a little while, and then I learned something of the true obedience, and how blessed it was to give up my own pride, and live for God."

"My dear child, if you only knew how greatly God has favored your friend—honoring her even above all the holy sisters of this house, before she began to care for him, you would not wonder that she has decided to embrace the religious life, that she may gain even more distinguished favors, both for herself and others, said Sister Magdalen.

"I know she deceived mamma about this place," said Milly, sullenly.

"Milly dear, don't use such a harsh word as that," said Augusta. "Do you not think that, having tasted the sweetness of devotion and true obedience myself, I should be anxious that my friends should know something of the same blessedness?"

"But why did you not tell your mother all about it? She does not know that you are a novice, and I don't think any obedience can be true and right that teaches girls to deceive their friends like that. How could you do it, Augusta?" she added, reproachfully.

The tears came to Augusta's eyes as she looked down into Milly's angry face. "Ah, Milly!" she said, with a sigh; "you do not know how hard it was not to tell her everything—everything from the very beginning."

"Well, why didn't you then?" said Milly, in a kinder tone.

"It was laid upon me as a test of my obedience not to do it. I thought if dear mamma could only know how highly God had honored me, and saved her and papa through the prayers of the sisters, she would certainly become religious, too; but the Superior bade me lay down my own judgment in this matter at the feet of God—he would accept the sacrifice, and the merit I should gain would be as great as though all my friends had been saved through me. It would be a test—a needful test of my humility and obedience, to say nothing of what had happened until I had passed a year of my novitiate; but she said if I could bring some friends back with me, without disclosing my own change of faith, it would be acceptable as a good work performed under great difficulties."

"Then I am sacrificed to add to your store of good works," said Milly.

"My dear child, if you only knew your friend as we know her in the convent you would understand that she has already so large a store of good works laid up in heaven that there was little need to add to them," said Sister Magdalen; "she is already almost a saint," added the nun, with something of a touch of envy in her tone.

"And are you a saint too, Sister Magdalen?" asked Milly.

"Me? O, no! I love my music too well. There is so little of sacrifice in my life, for some one must teach the music, but it is no trouble, no cross to me, when all try to learn, and so there is no room for saintliness."

"Shall we be cross and obstinate for you?" asked Milly.

"It would grieve me, that would—not for myself, but for you, because you could not learn well if you were cross, and some who are here have great musical talent."

"Have I?" asked Milly.

"Of course you have," answered Augusta, before Sister Magdalen could speak; "and you ought to make the most of your time here, to cultivate your taste and talent. If you will not learn the obedience we are anxious to teach, you ought to profit by the facilities there are for learning to appreciate the best music."

"Well, I certainly will do that," said Milly; "at least, until papa comes to fetch me home. Do you know I don't mean to stop here?"

"I have heard something about it," said Augusta, indifferently. "If you should go back before the year is over I hope you will not say any thing to mamma about me."

"I won't promise," said Milly; "you know I have no wish to learn the obedience you are in love with; I like my own way better," she added.

The music lesson had suffered somewhat by this interruption, and so Sister Magdalen proposed that they should come to her room during recreation hour, as she was anxious to make [illegible] enquiries about her letter, and reminded Milly that they were going to the Spiritual Mother's room.

"O, I must go another time, unless you will ask about my letter. You might do that Amy; you know all about it."

Amy readily promised to do this, and so when Milly went for her extra music lesson she made her way to the room where the Spiritual Mother sat to receive the visits of the scholars.

She went along with some trepidation, dreading the encounter, and remembering she had already incurred the disgrace of being reported to this authority, and wondering whether this would influence the matter in hand.

But her fears entirely vanished when she opened the door and saw the little old nun who sat at the table. She had a merry little face, and eyes that twinkled like a squirrel's, and Amy caught herself wondering how she had ever become a nun, while she was timidly asking about her letter. The little nun actually laughed when Amy told her that her mother was hurt and anxious at not receiving a letter from her as well as from Florie.

"Very unreasonable of your mother, my dear; but mothers are like hens, you know, and keep up a constant clucking if one of their brood gets away for half an hour."

The simile was so apt as regarded her own mamma, and coming so unexpectedly, Amy laughed too; but she said the next minute, "I do not want to make mamma anxious, and so will you please tell me about my letter."

"And what do you want to know about it my child? It is quite safe, if that is what you mean."

"You did not destroy it, then?" said Amy, thinking it had been sent after all—that there was merely some delay in dispatching it.

"Destroy it? O dear, no! we never destroy such important documents as young ladies' letters. Here it is," she added holding up the letter, which she had just taken out of a pigeon-hole at the side.

"Then—then it was not suitable?" faltered

Amy, as she saw the letter consigned to the pigeon-hole again.

"Not quite, my dear. You must try again. I am very careful of mothers' feelings, you see," she added, with another laugh.

"And—and may I bring the letter to you when it is ready?" asked Amy thinking this little old woman would not be so hard in her judgment as stern Sister Ursula.

But the nun shook her head. "You have learned by this time, my child, that everything in this house is regulated by its rules. I am under them as much as you are, and so we must both conform. Give Sister Ursula the letter to-morrow," she added, waving her hand by way of dismissal; and Amy went out from the presence of the Spiritual Mother, half laughing in spite of her disappointment.

(To be continued.)

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

The air was keen and frosty. There was a sharp dash to the falling snow that seemed to pierce the faces of the people on the street like stinging needles, as they hurried along, each hastening to his home. The world was all astir; the busy, bustling world. Hustling and jostling each other on the street, the people hurried on. Everybody seemed anxious to reach somewhere, and everybody pressed forward without a look or a thought for those they met.

Mrs. Arnold, in a dress of the deepest black, with heavy folds of crape on the skirt, and a long crape vail closely drawn over her white face, moved along with the crowd that Saturday afternoon. The pitiless falling snow, as it beat upon her, seemed to strike deep into her heart, for she knew that it was falling faster and faster upon a little new-made mound in the churchyard—a mound that contained the most precious thing in all the world to her—her little boy.

Six months before her husband had died, leaving her a beautiful home, money enough [illegible] child, to whom, after the first great sorrow had passed, she turned with almost idolatrous love. Her whole life seemed wrapped up in him. She scarcely ever looked at or spoke to another child; she gave no thought to the future, when, perchance, her boy would leave her and go out into the active business world.

In her passionate love for her child she forgot God; forgot all else save him, and she lavished all the wealth of a loving heart on this one wee child. There were cold and hungry children all about her, whose suffering she might have relieved, but she knew it not. Want and poverty looked at her out of wan, thin faces, on the street, but she never saw it. She only hastened homeward, thinking all the time of a bright, rosy face awaiting her there.

One day she had taken Willie down town to see the beautiful Christmas things displayed in the stores, and to notice which of all he saw pleased him most. After they had passed from counter to counter, admiring the pretty toys, she said:

"Now, Willie, mamma must go in the next store a few moments, come dear!"

"Oh, mamma," pleaded the child, casting wistful glances about him, "please let me stay here while you are gone! I'll not go outside of the door one minute, but will stay right here by the horses and carts."

Mrs. Arnold hesitated for a moment, but the pleading look in Willie's eyes was too much for her so she answered:

"Well, then, since you desire to stay here, you may do so; but remember and not leave the store on any account."

"Thank you, mamma, I'll remember!" said the child, his face aglow with pleasure.

When she returned a few moments later she found Willie standing where she had left him. There were tears in his large dark eyes, and a sorrowful expression on his childish face.

"What is it, Willie?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, mamma, while you were out a little boy, not much larger than I, came in, and when he saw me he came up and asked me if I had a penny for him to get some bread for his sick sister. He said that he hadn't had anything to eat since morning, and I've had such a nice lunch, and apples and oranges since then. Oh, mamma, I am so sorry for him!"

"I hope you didn't give him your pennies!"

Her voice had a ring of impatience in it seldom heard when speaking to Willie.

"Why, yes, mamma, every one of them, and I wish I had more to give him."

"Well, I shall be careful not to leave you again," said Mrs. Arnold. taking Willie by the hand and leading him out of the store.

The circumstance soon passed from her mind, but not from Willie's. He often stood at the window looking down in the street, wondering in a vague, childish way where his poor little boy was.

One Sabbath he came home from Sabbath-school with a thoughtful look on his face, and going up to his mother's chair, after their things had been put away, and she had seated herself for a nice chat with Willie, he put one arm lovingly about her neck, and said:

"Dear mamma, I'd like to do something for Jesus' sake. I know what I would do if I was a great, big man, and had lots of money."

"What would you do, dear?" she asked, smiling fondly, and caressing his cheek pressed against her shoulder.

"I'd help all the poor little children, and if there were any without homes I'd take them home with me, and not let them get cold and hungry."

That night little Willie was taken with diphtheria, and ere another twenty-four hours had rolled around the kind little heart that longed to do good "for Jesus' sake" had ceased to beat, and the mother's heart seemed breaking as she bent above his white, still face.

This afternoon was the first time she had ventured out since Willie was taken from her, and a hundred little half-forgotten sentences of his came back to her. How well she remembered the afternoon he had given his pennies to the poor boy in the store. A pang of remorse shot to her heart as she remembered that she had chided him for doing so. Perhaps the poor little child was needy. She was glad now that Willie had been more thoughtful and considerate than she had ever been. Her own great sorrow had softened her heart, making her more [illegible] for others.

[illegible] broke the force of the [illegible] dirty children were standing. One of them was sobbing in a grieved, pitiful way. As Mrs. Arnold drew near, the larger of the two said, in a voice full of sympathy:

"Don't take on so, Billy. My father's dead, you know, but I've got over it."

"Oh! but it's worser to lose one's mother'n 'tis one's father," sobbed the other child, with an extra burst of grief.

Mrs. Arnold paused in her rapid walk, and did something she had never done before in all her easy, careless life. She went up to the two boys, and her voice was low and sweet as she asked:

"Is your mother dead, dear?"

"Yes, 'm," said the child, taking his small, dirty hands from his face, and looking up at her through tearful eyes.

"When did she die?"

"This mornin', and they buried her right off, 'cause Mrs. Murphy said as how ma hadn't paid any rent lately, and she couldn't be kept out o' her room any longer."

"And where is your father?"

Mrs. Arnold had forgotten the storm, the people on the street, and she had even forgotten her own sorrow, so interested was she in this child's trouble.

"Oh! he died before, when I was a little chap."

A thrill of tenderness warmed her heart, as she thought what a very little chap he now was, no larger than her own lost Willie, and this child was fatherless and motherless.

"Where will you live now?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am. Mrs. Murphy says I can't stay there another night, and there's no place for me to go."

A fresh wail of despair arose from the child's heart as he said this.

Mrs. Arnold stood silent for a moment. A sudden thought had come to her. This child was homeless and she was so lonely.

"I might do it," she thought, "but then—"

She glanced with a feeling of disgust at his rags and dirt. Could she do it?

"For 'Jesus' sake,' mamma."

She started quickly and looked around. It almost seemed as if a voice, the voice of her own lost child, had whispered the words in her ear. In faltering tones she said, as she touched the boy's shoulder with one dainty, gloved hand:

"If there is no place for you to go to-night, come with me."

People turned as they passed, to look wonderingly at the richly-dressed lady and the ragged child. She entered a street car and gave him a seat by her side, and at last, she led him up to the door of a handsome house, and took him into the back parlor. Summoning her maid she said to her as she handed her a suit of lost Willie's clothes,

"Take this child away and see that he is washed and dressed properly, then bring him to me."

Then she sat and waited, there in the room where Willie used to come. She might give the forlorn child a place in Willie's home, but he could never take Willie's place in her heart.

At last there was a sound of footsteps in the hall, they halted near the door, then the child timidly entered the room where Mrs. Arnold sat waiting for him. When she saw him her face grew strangely white, and a thrill of tenderness crept to her heart. This child in Willie's clothes, could it be the same boy she had brought home half an hour before? Impossible. That was a ragged, dirty child with nothing attractive about him, this was a fair little boy, with large blue eyes and sunny hair. The face was thin and pale, but she could see that there was the promise of a lovely child with proper care and love. Yes, there must be love, and her heart seemed to go out to this little child as she had never thought it possible for her heart to feel toward any child but Willie.

Reaching out her hand she said softly,

"Come to me, dear."

And he came across to her side, looking up at her through his long bright lashes.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"The boys call me Billy, but ma used to call me Willie," a quiver creeping over his chin as he spoke of his mother.

"Then I shall call you Willie," said she, speaking her darling's name low and softly. "I had a dear little boy named Willie, but God took him from me. This is his home, his mother, and these are his clothes you have on. For his sake and for Jesus' sake I have given you a home. Will you try to be all that Willie would have been had he liv-

"Yes'm," said the child shyly. [illegible] but I'll have to learn lots. I never had such a nice home as your Willie did; but I had a darling ma and she's gone."

Great sobs shook his little form again, and putting her arms about him she mingled her tears with his. He was weeping for the lost mother, she for the lost Willie, and somehow their common sorrow seemed to draw their hearts together.

Mrs. Arnold could not give the little outcast Willie's place at once; but gradually as the weeks and months advanced, and the child's character under her loving care developed new qualities of worth and sweetness, he became very dear to her, and she felt that truly God blesses those who do a kind act for Jesus' sake.—*Church and Home.*

AN OLD SCOTCH CHRISTIAN'S CHEER.

The excellent Mr. Finlay, of Edinburgh, once called on a young girl sinking in a decline. Looking on her wan face, he took her hand, and said with a smile:

"Weel, my dear, you're afore me. You're only nineteen, an' you're almost across the river; a step or twa mair, an' ye'll stand on the ither side. I'm almost seventy, an' maybe I'll hae some hard steps afore I can hear its ripple. O lassie, this is a sweet day for you. Ye'll get hame first."

Such was his spirit. Why should not all of us be equally "more than conquerors through Him who loved us?"—*Selected.*

LITTLE WILLIE, when he was only seven years old, was trying very hard to be a Christian boy. One day he came running in to his mother in tears and threw his head into her lap, saying: "Oh, mamma, I don't believe I love Jesus at all!" "Why do you think you do not?" asked his mother. "Because I forget all about Him in my play. I don't think of anything but my play. Willie was right in feeling sorry about not remembering Jesus in his play. It makes children play right to think of Jesus; indeed, I fear their plays will all go wrong if they forget how Jesus would have them do. To remember Jesus, and play so as to please Him, will be the way to praise God in play. —*Rev. W. H. Crafts.*

THE SENSE OF HONOR IN BOYS.

There is great confusion in boys' notions of honor. You should not go to the teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those who are in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief or broke a rule, no matter what the result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honor which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustice among boys go unchecked, and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false motion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate or keep silence to screen the guilt. Teachers and friends ought to put down this ignorant, petty "sense of honor" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silence about it when asked, you become a partner in wrong, and responsible for its original meanness. It is a pity that boys and grown people did not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honor and courage.—*The Wise Blackbird, in December Wide Awake.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. Where was Mesopotamia situated?
74. What tribe left the kingdom of Israel and came to dwell in Judah, and when did they do so?
75. Who was the last king of the ten tribes of Israel?
76. How many sons had Benjamin when Jacob and all the family went down into Egypt?
77. What king freed the Israelites from [illegible] in Babylon?
78. During what time were the Jews not allowed to cultivate the land?
79. Where was Abraham buried?
80. Who was buried in this place before Abraham?
81. What four persons were buried in it afterwards?
82. How old was Abraham when he died?
83. Where was Rachel buried?
84. How old was Isaac at the time of his marriage to Rebekah?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A Christian woman firm and true and bold.
2. A place to which they used to send for gold.
3. A queen who loved her honor most of all.
4. Mother of him the Lord did early call.
5. That which 'tis good in youth to bear.
6. A man who feared not to do or dare.
7. A name which many startled eyes did see.
8. Is given where the many mansions be.
9. His birthright for a mess of pottage sold.
10. One of the mighty patriarchs of old.
11. A place where David rested in a cave.
12. A prophet faithful, true and brave.
13. One who prophesied the Lord would save.
14. A dutiful son of a faithful priest.
15. A prominent country in the East.

The initials form a command Christ gave His disciples.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. The Ammonites and Moabites. Deut. xxiii. 3, 4.
50. In the book of Job.
51. The month Adar. Esther ix. 21.
52. Because the Jews were in that month delivered from the wicked designs of Haman. Esther ix. 21. 22.
53. Deborah delivered them from the Canaanites, Judges iv, and Esther delivered them from the power of Haman. Esther vii.
54. With the king of Egypt. 1 Kings iii. 1; and Hiram, king of Tyre. 1 Kings v
55. His mother sent him away to her brother Laban. Gen. xxviii. 5.
56. In the valley between mounts Ebal and Gerizim.
57. Othniel. Judges iii. 9.
58. He was the son of Kenaz, Caleb's brother. Judges iii. 9
59. The tribe of Levi. 2 Chron. xi. 13, 14.
60. Rehoboam and his sons had cast them off from executing the priests' office unto the Lord. 2 Chron. xi. 13, 14.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.

April 28, 1882.] [Mark 6: 45-56.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 47-50.

45. And straightway he constrained his disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side before unto Bethsaida, while he sent away the people.

46. And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray.

47. And when even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land.

48. And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.

49. But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out:

50. For they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

51. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased: and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered.

52. For they considered not the miracle of the loaves; for their heart was hardened.

53. And when they had passed over, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore.

54. And when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew him,

55. And ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was.

56. And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. 43:2.

TOPIC.—Christ's Ready Help in Trouble.

LESSON PLAN.—1. CHRIST AT PRAYER. 2. CHRIST BRINGING DELIVERANCE. 3. CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

Time.—April, A.D. 29. Place.—The Sea of Galilee and Plain of Gennesaret.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—The miracle of our last lesson produced a very great effect on those who were present. They determined to take Jesus by force and make him king. But his kingdom was not of this world, so he sent his disciples to Bethsaida, while he dismissed the people. Being compelled to enter their boat and go without him to Bethsaida, on the west or north shore of the Sea of Galilee. Then he sent the people away.

I. CHRIST AT PRAYER.—(45-47.) V. 45. UNTO BETHSAIDA—a village near Capernaum, on the north-western side of the lake. V. 46. TO PRAY—he often went away alone to commune with his Father. Mark 1:35; Luke 6:12. In this he has set us an example.

II. CHRIST BRINGING DELIVERANCE.—(48-52.) V. 48. HE SAW THEM TOILING—though absent from them, he watched them. FOURTH WATCH—between three and six o'clock in the morning. HE COMETH—to deliver them. WOULD HAVE PASSED—this was to try them. V. 49. A SPIRIT—a phantom, a ghost. V. 50. BE NOT AFRAID—Jesus is often very near, and we know it not. (For the account of Peter's rash request, see Matt. 14:28-31.) V. 51. THE WIND CEASED—he controls winds and waves; he can give peace to our hearts in trouble. AMAZED BEYOND MEASURE—more than they had any right to for reason to be. THEY CONSIDERED NOT—they had forgotten. If they had only remembered what he had done the day before, they would not have been surprised at what they now saw. HARDENED—dull of apprehension.

III. CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.—(53-56.) V. 53. GENNESARET—a small plain three miles long and one mile wide, on the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum. V. 55. They took their sick from one place to another as they heard of his going to any town. IN THE STREETS—literally, "in the market-places." THE BORDER OF HIS GARMENT—such was their belief in his power to heal that they thought this would be enough. To these who believed it was enough. (See also Mark 5:27.) It was the touch of faith, not the garment, that secured the effect.

TEACHINGS:

1. We should find time every day for private prayer.

2. In danger and distress Christ sees us, and will come to our relief.

3. We should seek to bring to Jesus those who needed him.

4. Jesus can make us perfectly whole; he that could heal the bouy can save the soul.

REMEMBER that Jesus watches over his chosen ones in the darkest hour. When they pass through the deepest waters he will be with them. Amid the loudest roar of the tempest they shall hear his voice, "It is I; be not afraid."

LESSON V.

April 30, 1882.] [Mark 7:1-23.

THE TRADITION OF MEN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-13.

1. Then came together unto him the Pharisees and certain of the scribes, which came from Jerusalem.

2. And when they saw some of his disciples eat bread with defiled, that is to say, with unwashen, hands, they found fault.

3. For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders.

4. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables.

5. Then the Pharisees and scribes asked him, Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands?

6. He answered and said unto them Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.

7. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

7 For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do.

9. And he said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.

10. For Moses said, Honor thy father and thy mother; and, Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death:

11. But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; and shall be free.

12. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or his mother;

13. Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered: and many such like things do ye.

14. And when he had called all the people unto him he said unto them, Hearken unto me, every one of you, and understand:

15. There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man.

16. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

17. And when he was entered into the house from the people, his disciples asked him concerning the parable.

18. And he saith unto them, Are ye so without understanding also? Do ye not perceive that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him;

19. Because it entereth not into the heart, but into the belly, and goeth out into the draught, purging all meats?

20. And he said, That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man.

21. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders,

22. Thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness:

23. All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Mark 7:7.

TOPIC.—Formalism, or the Service of Man. 1. THE NEGLECT OF THE COMMANDMENT OF GOD. 2. THE HONORING OF TRADITION. 3. THE NEGLECT OF THE HEART.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—After our Lord's return to Capernaum, many of those who were present among the five thousand came to him. In answer to the question how he came over the sea, he spoke to them upon the bread of life. John 6:26-59. During this sojourn at Capernaum he spoke the words of to-day's lesson. Parallel passages, Matt. 15:1-20.

I. THE WASHING OF HANDS.—(1-5.) V. 1. PHARISEES AND SCRIBES—they were probably sent from Jerusalem by the Sanhedrim to enquire into the character and miracles of Jesus, as spies were also sent to John. (See John 1:19.) V. 2. FOUND FAULT—it was not for cleanliness, but as a religious ceremony, that they thus washed.

II. THE HONORING OF TRADITION.—(6-13.) V. 6. HONORETH ME WITH THEIR LIPS—their religion was a religion of forms and of hypocrisies. God requires pure hearts as well as clean hands—inward holiness as well as outward observances. They, LYING ASIDE (translated with neglect) the commandment of God, HELD (or strictly observed) the tradition of men. V. 9. FULL WELL—their guilt and folly are exposed by a sarcastic commendation. They set aside the commandment of God to observe human traditions. God's command was, "Honor thy father"; but their gloss was, "Instead of supporting father and mother a man may simply give the sum intended for their support to the temple treasury and call it Corban—a gift consecrated to God." Then he is free from any further burden in their support. MANY SUCH LIKE THINGS—this was only one specimen.

III. THE NEGLECT OF THE HEART.—(14-23.) V. 15. THE PARABLE—this refers to the words in v. 15. V. 18. CANNOT DEFILE HIM—cannot pollute his soul; cannot make him sinful. V. 19. ENTERETH NOT INTO HIS HEART—does not reach or affect the mind, the soul, and therefore cannot pollute it. V. 20. THAT WHICH COMETH OUT OF THE MAN—his words, the utterance of his feelings; his conduct as the expression of inward malice, anger, etc. V. 23. DEFILE THE MAN—make the soul corrupt and unholy in God's sight. (See Matt. 15:20.

TEACHINGS:

1. Outward forms will not save us without inward purity.

2. We may be very particular as to forms, and yet be without true religion.

3. God looks within, and nothing will please him but heart-service.

4. As the heart is the source of all evil, we should carefully watch it.

5. We should value forms as we do the cover of a book—only for what is within.

REMEMBER that your heart must be pure if you would have your words and actions right. Do not trust in any outward forms for salvation. Pray God to give you a clean heart.

ALL AT FULL LENGTH.

In books and newspapers, when we come to a stroke like this ——, or perhaps to one to a stroke like this ——, or perhaps to one letter with such a stroke after it, it generally means an oath, or some other bad word, which the author would not put down full because it was so bad.

But there is a book where there are no strokes, but all the bad words which people say are put down at full length. It is a book which no man has ever read. But everything that is in it will come out one day.

It is the book of God's remembrance; the book, or books, of which it is said, "And the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."

Everything in those books is set down at full length: all the sins, all the oaths, all the bad words, all the wicked thoughts.

Are there any bad words written there against your name? Any oaths, such as would be put down in a common book, or newspaper, with a ——? Ask God to forgive you for them. Pray that the blood of Jesus may blot them out. They must be blotted out before the books be opened, or you are lost! And nothing can do it but that precious blood. Oh, seek it, and then go and sin no more.

WOODCOCK TELEGRAPHY.

On a number of occasions, writes Maurice Thompson to the Chicago *Tribune*, I have closely observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground, the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a faint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his bill touches the ground, and listens attentively. If his mate hears him she replies, puts her bill on the ground and listens in turn. So the love messages go back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilights from May to the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad light of a summer afternoon. The receiving bird wears a thoughtful and listening attitude. Shall try to get further studies."

Five years later I succeeded in getting three more sketches and last year (1880) I got four more. Many of these and kindred sketches have been obtained at the end of indescribable care and labor. The woodcock is so shy, so attentive, so sensitive, that the least sound will cause it to skulk and hide—a thing it does with even greater cunning and success than the quail. The only way in which I have ever been able to get near enough to the bird to sketch its natural attitudes has been to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs, until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together without getting a single sight of the bird.

SUNDAY LABOR AND INSANITY.

While visiting a friend a short time ago, I was shown an album. One portrait in it was that of a fine, handsome man in the full vigor of life. "You might have taken a lease of his life," remarked his sister. "But now there is no hope of his recovery," observed his brother. "His sorrowing wife is more lonely than a widow, and two dear little children are worse off than orphans." "Why?" "Because the husband and father has lost his reason. That heaviest of all human calamities has overtaken him." "And what has caused him thus to lose his reason?" "Overwork and anxiety," was the reply. "He held a good position, with a fair income; but he lost his position, lost his income, and lost his reason for the want of rest. Ceaseless toil produced softening of the brain. He had no time to go to the house of God on Sundays. He was too busy; he had writing to do." Poor fellow! how little did he think that soon all his time would be spent in the dreary society of those afflicted like himself! If he had taken his Sundays for rest and worship, if that busy brain had thrown away the books one day in seven, he might now have been happy in the bosom of his family.

Take another case—that of a man in more humble circumstances. For seven years he filled the position of a ticket-taker at a London pier, from eight o'clock in the morning till dusk, day after day, and week after week. In seven years he had only two days' rest. At last his reason tottered, and he was carried away, a victim of Sunday pleasure-seekers—a victim of those who carry out the principles of the Sunday League.

Other cases might be given, showing how the minds of great men have given way under the strain of ceaseless toil; but these two instances have come under the writer's own notice. If the circumstances of the many thousands of insane who fill our asylums were investigated, it would doubtless be found that many a promising youth, many a strong man, has been bereft of his reason for want of rest, for want of one calm, holy Sabbath day in seven, when the mind could turn from things earthly to things heavenly; when the soul could commune with its Creator, and obtain strength from on high to bear the trials and the difficulties of the week.—*From Pearl of Days.*

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